

FRRIEND IS NEED.

BY MARY E. MORFAT.

Three gilded balls outside told of a pawnbroker's shop. Within a girl stood by the counter holding a large package for the dealer's inspection. Her eyes followed his motions with fully as to look it and removed the paper wrappings, displayed the lustrous folds of a silk dress made in a quaint old-fashioned style.

"How much you want?" he said. "Five dollars." "For that you give me five dollars, wouldn't it be better to let me have it for \$10.00? It is very good. It is a very nice dress." "Well, I will say three, but it is too much. The - that you say. The value is old - too old," and with a deprecating suggestive shrug of the shoulders, he placed the money in little Adelaide's outstretched palm.

She closed her eyes wearily, exhaled by her emotions, and Gerald, but she did not reclaim her flower!

"Oh! my darling! My darling! I will be wretchedly sorry if you ever get to know me. It is not for nothing that I am called 'The Captain'."

"Harney - was that the name? By my good ship, man, the hand of Providence is in it. I've been in the company in this way to find out the name of the girl who was in the company."

"Thank you," said the girl, looking up at him gratefully. "I never was here before, but mother was so sick she had to send me."

"She was a very nice thing, and looking a smaller walking beside her tall protector. Her face was as interesting one, though wan and pale; and her eyes were of that deep gray color, which in the shadow of the long dark lashes look like black."

"If you are willing, I will walk a little way with you," said he in an undertone. "I like not the company hereabouts. They look like suspicious characters. They might work you more trouble."

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OUR EUROPEAN LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM, Aug. 15, 1878. I have been for the last week, and would like to remain longer, in the City of Brussels. It has been called a miniature Paris, and in the number and magnificence of its public edifices, parks, and monuments, as well as in the breadth, extent and cleanliness of its boulevards it has a strong resemblance to the smaller edition of the French Capital.

There is another street having the name of "The street of Good Works for Soaps." Belgium has not long left of battles and military heroes like France, so she is compelled to use common names for the streets of her capital.

In Paris nearly every street, avenue, boulevard, and public square is the assistance to perpetuate history or recall the names of the great men of the Avenue Wagram, the Boulevard Malesherbes, the Rue Voltaire, etc.

It is a good deal better than we have seen of the valley, and some of the I've always had just the other notion about it - that the higher up you got, the cooler -

"Yes," said Mr. Thompson; "but about that business of yours." Another story which looked as if it would soon be the collar of his neck, followed this remark, but the stranger held up bravely. He leaned on the desk in an easy, careless sort of way, and began to toy with a mangle brush.

"What the deuce are you doing with that brush?" asked the clerk, somewhat impatiently. "Oh, by George - excuse me, stammered the man, as he hastily withdrew the brush, spattering the ink all over the clerk's shirt bosom."

"That's about the worst case I ever saw," said the clerk. "Thompson, you've got a big ink spot on the starboard side of my Roman nose."

"Crazy as a loon," said Alderman Grand, who had been an interested spectator of the whole scene. "You're not used to a policeman after that."

"No; he's not exactly crazy," replied Thompson. "I knew from the start that he wanted a marriage license, and I thought I'd have a little fun with him."

There are other country tramp houses which are not licensed to sell drink, and whose proprietors, therefore, are not allowed to give any variety of refreshment to their customers.

I have noticed time after time, on the pulling down of old premises here and there about the country, and the digging up of foundations preparatory to rebuilding, human skeletons have been turned up in various stages of decay.

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